



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE HOWE READERS



A SECOND
❧ READER ❧

Edw T 759.09.462

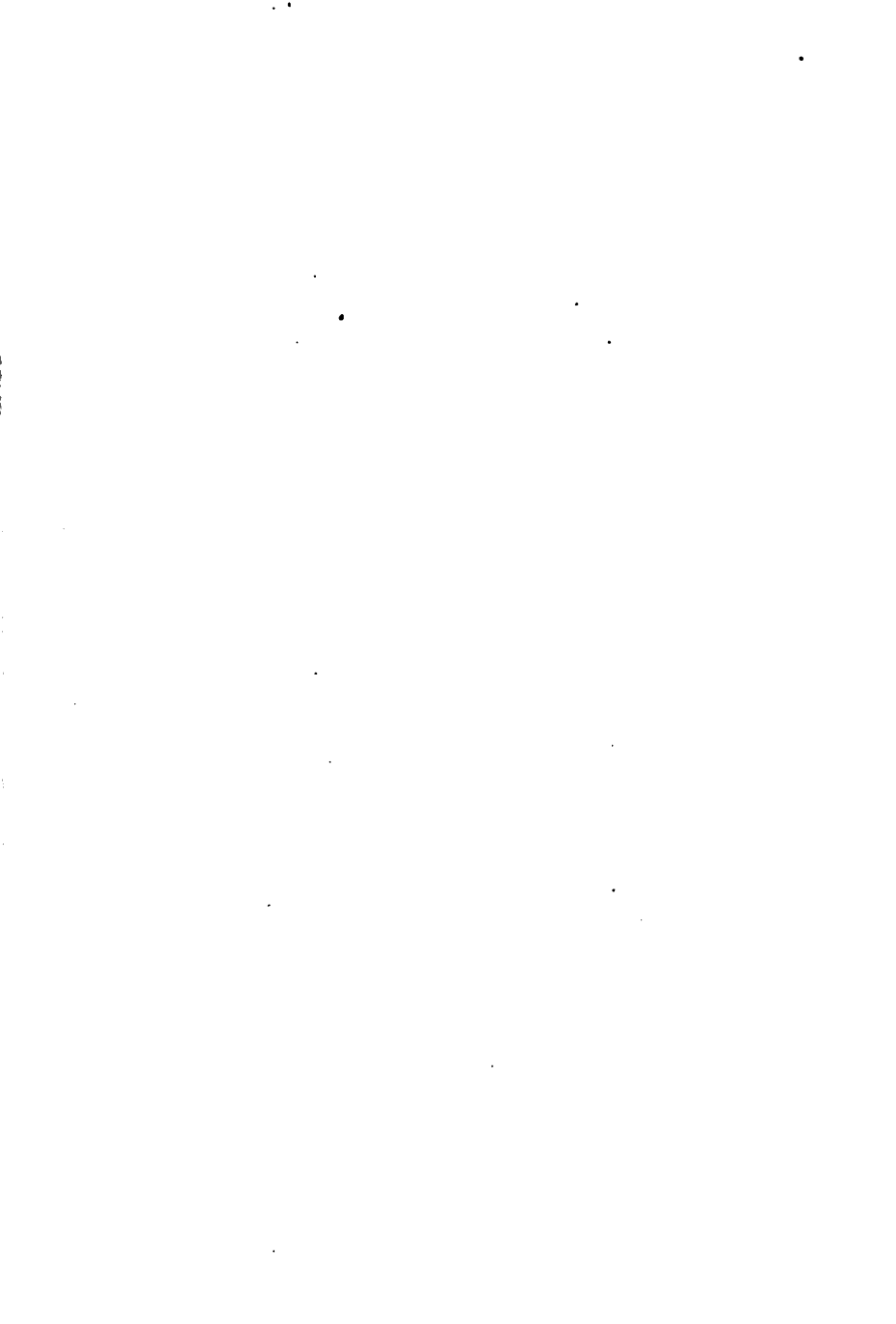


Harvard College Library
THE GIFT OF
GINN AND COMPANY



3 2044 097 071 856







THE POT OF GOLD

THE HOWE READERS

A SECOND READER

BY

WILL D. HOWE

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN INDIANA UNIVERSITY

MYRON T. PRITCHARD

MASTER, EVERETT SCHOOL, BOSTON

AND

ELIZABETH V. BROWN

DIRECTOR OF PRIMARY INSTRUCTION, WASHINGTON, D.C.

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1909

Edw T 759.09.462
✓

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
GINN & COMPANY
MARCH 17, 1927

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



PRINTERS AND BINDERS

PREFACE

“Come tell us a story!”

In the Second Reader an attempt is made to satisfy the child's love for the story, and to do this, tales have been gathered from the literature of India, China, Greece, Germany, England, Denmark, Norway, and our own country. The fairy story, the nonsense tale, the nature story, the fable, the myth, the hero tale, and the Bible story are all here with their messages of beauty and of moral instruction.

In the selection of the stories the child's love for impersonation has been borne in mind, and teachers will find many opportunities for dramatization. “Pandora,” “The Pied Piper,” “The Camel and the Pig,” “The Cock and the Fox,” “The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean,” “The Pig

Brother," "The Town Musicians," "The Three Little Pigs," and "The Three Bears," afford outlets for the dramatic and imitative impulses of little readers.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., holders of the copyright, for permission to use "The Pig Brother," to S. E. Cassino for "Sir Bobby," and to the J. L. Hammett Co. for "Dora and the Light," and "The Sunbeam," from "The Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories." "The Camel and the Pig" from "The Golden Goose and Other Fairy Stories," by Miss Eva March Tappan, and "The Music Box" from Miss Abbie Farwell Brown's "Pocketful of Posies" are used by permission of and special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Pot of Gold	<i>Greek Story</i> 1
Raggylug. (Adapted)	<i>Ernest Thompson Seton</i> 3
Susie's Dream. (Adapted)	<i>Sidney Dayre</i> 5
The Wind	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 9
What the Wind Does 10
The Cat, the Monkey, and the Chestnuts	<i>Æsop</i> 12
Two Foxes	<i>Old Tale</i> 13
The Doll House 15
The Lantern and the Fan	<i>Chinese Tale</i> 17
My Funny Dolly	<i>E. S. Tucker</i> 20
The Cat and the Fox	<i>Grimm</i> 21
The Geese and the Tortoise	<i>Pilpay</i> 22
The Water Lily	<i>Indian Myth</i> 23
Pandora	<i>Greek Story</i> 25
The Months	<i>Sara Coleridge</i> 28
The Pied Piper of Hamelin. (Adapted)	<i>Robert Browning</i> 30
The First Thanksgiving 36
The Bill of Fare	<i>Eugene Field</i> 40
The King and the Spider 42
The Green Pods 44
Keeping Store	<i>Mary F. Butts</i> 46
The Gingerbread Boy	<i>Old Tale</i> 47
Sir Bobbie	<i>Clara Platt</i> 53
Cradle Song	<i>From the German</i> 57
The Little Leaf	<i>Henry Ward Beecher</i> 58
A Good Play	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 60
The Cross Box 61
A Music Box	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> 64

The Sunbeam		65
The Prince and his Horse	<i>Greek Tale</i>	67
The Three Bears	<i>Old Tale</i>	69
My Shadow	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	73
The Story of Joseph		75
Dora and the Light.		79
The Camel and the Pig	<i>Hindoo Tale</i>	82
Precocious Piggy	<i>Thomas Hood</i>	84
The Pig Brother	<i>Laura Elizabeth Richards</i>	86
William Tell	<i>Swiss Tale</i>	91
How they Sleep	<i>Anonymous</i>	93
Christmas at the Lighthouse		95
The Cock and the Fox. (Adapted)	<i>Chaucer</i>	98
The Story of Peter Rabbit. (Adapted)	<i>Beatrix Potter</i>	102
In Trust	<i>Mary Mapes Dodge</i>	107
The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean	<i>Andersen</i>	108
The Rock-a-by Lady	<i>Eugene Field</i>	112
The Cat and the Mouse	<i>Old Tale</i>	114
Our Flag		118
George Washington		119
The Town Musicians. (Adapted)	<i>Grimm</i>	123
A Child's Prayer	<i>M. Betham-Edwards</i>	128
When Lincoln was a Little Boy		129
The Bird Village	<i>Ella Given</i>	132
The Swallow and I		136
The Three Little Pigs	<i>Grimm</i>	140
Pussy Willow's Hood	<i>Mary L. Pratt</i>	146
The Circus in the Barn		148
The Duel	<i>Eugene Field</i>	151
The Out-door Pussies		153
The Secret of the Brier Bush. (Adapted)	<i>Ernest Thompson Seton</i>	154
A Fourth of July Picnic		155
The Story of Aslaug	<i>A Norse Tale</i>	158
One, Two, Three	<i>H. C. Bunner</i>	164
A Masque of the Seasons	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	167

THE HOWE SECOND READER

THE POT OF GOLD

Iris had charge of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

One day when she was away, some one stole it and hid it.

Poor Iris was very sad.

She had to go and tell the bad news to the king.

"It must be found at once," said the king.
"Call the wind messengers."

They came and bowed before the king.

"Go," he said, "look everywhere till you find the pot of gold."

"Oh, sea," said the wind, "have you the pot of gold?"

"Zh, zh, zh," said the waves. "No, it is not in the sea."

Then the wind messengers went to the woods.

"Oh, trees, have you the pot of gold?" they asked.

But the trees were sleepy. "Sh, sh, sh," they said, as they waved their branches.

"Hold up your branches," said the wind.

The trees all lifted their branches, and there was the pot of gold, shining among the leaves of the poplar tree.

Ever since then, the poplar tree has had to hold its branches up straight, so that nothing can hide in them.

And the pot of gold is back at the end of the rainbow.



RAGGYLUG

Once there was a little rabbit. His name was Raggylug.

Raggylug's mother was Molly Cottontail.

Raggylug was a little baby rabbit. He could not run very fast.

"You must lie low when I go away," said Molly Cottontail. "Do not move."

One day Molly Cottontail went away.

Raggylug lay low, looking up at the sky.

Then he heard a queer sound near his nest.

He forgot what his mother had said to him. So he stood up on his hind legs.

He looked into the eyes of a big snake.

"Mammy! Mammy!" cried Raggylug.

The snake caught poor little Raggylug by the ear.

Molly Cottontail heard her baby's cry. How fast she ran to him!

She jumped over the big snake and hit him hard with her hind legs.

The snake let go, and Raggylug ran away as fast as he could go.

He never disobeyed his mother again.

He never forgot that bad snake.



SUSIE'S DREAM

Susie lived on a farm.

One day she took her baby sister out to play.

They played in the haystack, until both fell asleep.

Susie had a strange dream. She thought she heard the old, red hen say, "Cut, cut, cut, ca-da-cut! What is that on the hay with you, Susie?"

"Why, that is my baby sister."

"Can she scratch in the ground for worms?" said the hen. "And does she say 'Peep, peep, peep'?"

"Oh, no," said Susie, "she wouldn't eat a worm for anything. She cries when she is hungry, but she never says 'Peep, peep, peep.'"

"Well, she is a funny baby," said the old hen. "I wouldn't trade one of my little chickens for her."



SUSIE'S DREAM

Next came the old white duck.

“Quack, quack, quack! Let me take a look at your baby sister,” she said.

“Let me see her feet.”

“I’m afraid she will never make a good swimmer,” said the duck, looking at baby’s pink feet.

“Oh dear, no. She can not swim at all,” said Susie. “She can not walk yet.”

“Well, I would not trade one of my ducklings for her,” said the duck. “All of my babies can swim.”

“Baa-a-a! What is all this?” said the old sheep, with a white, woolly lamb.

“Let me see your baby sister. Has she nice, soft wool all over her body?”

“No, of course not,” said Susie.

“And has she only two feet?”

“That is all,” said Susie.

“Then my lamb is worth twice as much as your baby. I won’t trade to-day.”

“Meow, meow, meow!” Puss came along and stopped to look at the baby.

“Can she catch a mouse?” asked Puss.

“No,” said Susie, “she is afraid of a mouse.”

“Let me see her claws.”

“She hasn’t any claws. She has pretty pink fingers,” said Susie.

“Well, she is very pretty. I think I’ll trade one of my kittens for her.”

“Oh, no! I don’t want to trade her at all,” said Susie. “I’d rather have my baby sister than all the chickens, ducks, lambs, and kittens in the world.”

But Puss took hold of the baby’s dress as if she were going to take her away.

Baby began to cry, and Susie woke up. She laughed when she thought of her funny dream. There was Puss asleep in the hay.

“Well, Puss,” said Susie, “you did not get my baby after all.”

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all night long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

WHAT THE WIND DOES

What great fun the wind has! It tosses the kites and blows the leaves about in the air.

I can hear the wind; I can feel it, too, but I can not see it.

Sometimes it pushes me along the street. Sometimes it blows my cap away. I can run and catch my cap, but I can not catch the wind.

The wind does not always play. It has work to do. It blows the ships across the sea. It sends the seeds of the milkweed and the dandelion flying to find new homes.

It dries the clothes on the line. It helps to sweep the street clean.

“Who has seen the wind?

Neither I nor you;

But when the leaves hang trembling,

The wind is passing through.

“Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I.

But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.”



THE CAT, THE MONKEY, AND THE CHESTNUTS

One day, a cat and a monkey sat watching some chestnuts roasting in the fire.

"I wish we had some of those chestnuts," said the monkey. "Let us try to get them. You try, Pussy. Your paws are so much like hands, I am sure you can get some."

This pleased the cat, so she put her paw into the fire.

She got one chestnut out, but the hot coals burned her paw.

"That's fine!" said the monkey. "I knew you could do it. Do you think you could get another?"

Poor Puss! She tried again and again. Soon the nuts were all out, but her paw was badly burned.

When she turned to eat the nuts, she saw the sly monkey cracking the last shell.

TWO FOXES

Once there were two foxes who lived together in a great forest. They had never spoken a cross word to each other in their lives.

So one day, one of them said, in the politest fox language, "Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "just as you please, my dear. But how shall we begin?"

"Oh, it can not be hard," said the first fox. "The two-legged people fall out and have good times. Why should not we?"

So in all sorts of ways they tried to quarrel, but it could not be done. You see, they were such polite foxes that each would give up to the other.

At last one of them brought two round, smooth stones. "Now," said he, "you say they are yours, and I'll say they are mine. Then we

can quarrel about them, and fight and scratch and have a lovely time. I will begin. Those stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other, gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But you must talk back. We shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the first fox. "Don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel? Let us start once more."

So they tried again.

"I own the whole of this forest," said the first fox.

"You do!" exclaimed the other fox. "Well, then, how do I happen to be here? Of course, I'll get out," he added politely.

"No, indeed, you won't," said the first fox, "for you are my brother, and we share equally. What is yours is mine, and what is mine is yours."

So they gave up the quarrel and never tried to play the silly game again.

THE DOLL HOUSE

Brother Fred made a doll house for May and Fay. They were his twin sisters. He gave it to them when they were seven years old.

“Here is the house,” he said, “but you must furnish it.”

“Oh, what fun we shall have!” said his little sisters, as they danced around the new house. “First of all, we must paper the rooms.”

They got out their paint boxes and were soon happy in making the wall-paper.

“We will make the bedroom walls pink, with stripes running up and down,” said May.

“All right,” agreed Fay, “but the parlor must have a dark green paper, with a pretty border.”

“What are you going to put on the dining-room walls?” asked Fred.

“Oh, the dining-room should be bright and sunny. We will use a pretty yellow paper.”

The kitchen was in blue and white. On this they put some little Dutch pictures which they had learned to make at school.

"Now we are ready for the furniture," said May. "We will make that of paper, too."

So they cut it all out of stiff cardboard. When their fingers grew tired, brother Fred helped them with his knife.

Then they set all the things up in a row. There were tables, chairs, beds, bookcases, and a piano.

Now, everything was ready but the rugs. Mother gave them some pieces of carpet and showed them how to unravel it. With this they made new rugs on their cardboard looms.

Over one, under one. How the needles flew! Soon they had a rug for every room.

When the house was finished, May and Fay gave a party for all their little friends and their dolls.

THE LANTERN AND THE FAN

Nan Kin and Tsi Ann were two little Chinese girls.

They wanted to go away from their homes to make a long visit.

"You may go," said their father, "but when you come back, one of you must bring me fire in a paper; the other must bring me some wind in a paper.

"If you can not bring me these things, you must never come back."

Nan Kin and Tsi Ann were so glad to go, they quickly promised to bring whatever he wanted. They did not think how hard it would be to keep their promise.

After they had walked and walked and walked, they were very tired.

"Let us rest awhile," said Nan Kin.

While they were resting, they thought of their promise and began to cry.

"We can never go back," said Tsi Ann.



3

"You know we can never carry fire in a paper."

"No," said Nan Kin, "and we can never wrap wind in a paper, either."

Just then a beautiful fairy came along.

"Why are you so sad? Why do you cry?" she asked. "Perhaps I can help you."

"No, no, no! You can not help us," said the girls. Then they told her about their promise.

"Come with me," said the fairy. "I am sure I can help you."

The girls went with her to a beautiful house. After they had rested a little while, the fairy said, "Here, Nan Kin, this is for you," and she gave her a paper lantern. "Light the candle inside of it. Now you can carry fire in a paper, you see."

"Oh, oh, oh!" said Nan Kin, "but what will poor Tsi Ann do? She can not carry wind in a paper."

"Yes, she can," said the fairy. "Here is something for you, Tsi Ann," and she gave her a paper fan. "When you wave this fan, you will have wind in a paper."

"Thank you, thank you," said the girls, and they went happily on their way.

MY FUNNY DOLLY

I have the funniest dolly
That ever you did see;
He came from Yokohama;
I named him Ko-Chung-Kee.

His eyes are small and twinkling;
His mouth is just as sweet;
He has cunning hands and fingers
And little fat, bare feet.

He wears a paper petticoat,
With gown of blue and red;
And he only has a fringe of hair
On the top of his bald head.

He squeaks just like a baby
And he is very dear to me;
And I wish I had a picture
Of Ko-Chung-Kee and me.

E. S. TUCKER.

THE CAT AND THE FOX

Cat: Good morning, dear Mr. Fox. How are you this fine morning?

Fox: Oh, you poor little whisker-cleaner, who are you to speak to a big fox like me?

Cat: I have heard that you are very clever, but are you never afraid of dogs and hunters?

Fox: Dogs and hunters! Why, I know a hundred tricks. Pray, Mrs. Puss, how many do you know?

Cat: I know only one trick. If the dogs chase me, I can spring up into a tree and save myself. Look out! Mr. Fox, here come the hunters.

Dogs: Bow-wow-wow! Gr-r-r! Bow-wow-wow!

Cat: Come, Mr. Fox, climb up the tree with me.

Fox: But I can not climb. I must run.

Cat: Alas! the dogs have him. Poor Mr. Fox! If you had known only one trick like mine, you would not have lost your life.

THE GEESE AND THE TORTOISE

A tortoise lived in a pond where two wild geese used to go for food.

When winter came, the geese said, "Friend Tortoise, your pond will soon freeze. We have a home far away. Come and live with us."

"How can I go with you?" asked the tortoise. "I can not fly."

"We will take you," said the geese, "if you will only keep your mouth shut."

"I can do that," said the tortoise.

The geese made him hold a long stick in his mouth. Then each bird took an end of the stick in his bill, and flew up in the air.

Some boys looked up. "Ha! Ha!" they shouted. "Look at those geese with a tortoise."

This made the tortoise angry. "You rude boys!" he shouted. But as he opened his mouth, he fell down, and was broken to pieces on the stones.

THE WATER-LILY

Mesha was a little Indian boy.

One day he was asleep in the woods. He had a strange dream.

He thought that a star fell down from the sky and said, "Wake, Mesha, wake! I have left my home in the sky. I want to live on the earth. Where shall I make my home?"

"Oh, bright star, make your home on the mountain. You will still be near the blue sky," said Mesha.

So the star went up the mountain and looked for a home.

"Here is where I shall live," it said. "I shall lie down in the heart of this wild rose."

But the mountain was so high that no one ever knew the star was there.

"I will find a new home," said the star. "I will go down and live on the cliff."

But the cliff was rocky and hard to climb. The birds flew over it, and a few brave flowers grew near, but no boys or girls ever saw the star.

“I love the children. I want to live near them,” said the star. “I know what I will do. I will surprise Mesha and his friends.”

So the star shot right over the edge of the cliff into a pond of clear, fresh water.

When Mesha went to the pond next morning to swim, he saw a beautiful, white flower growing in the water. It was the star that had talked to him in his dream, but it had been changed into a

WATER-LILY



PANDORA

Long ago there lived a beautiful little boy. He had no brothers nor sisters.

The boy wanted some one to play with him. So Quicksilver brought him a lovely little girl. Her name was Pandora.

The children played in the garden all day. How happy they were!

One day Pandora saw a big box in the house.

"What is in that box?" she asked.

"I can not tell you," said the boy. "Quicksilver told me not to open it."

"Oh, I wish I could see what is in it. Maybe there are some toys for us. Let us peep in," said Pandora.

"No, no!" said the boy. "Come away. Come into the garden and play."

"Oh, no! I am tired of playing all the time," said naughty Pandora.

So the boy went out alone.

"I believe I will peep into the box," said Pandora. She tried to untie the golden cord. She heard a buzzing sound inside the box.

"There is something alive in it. I must see what it is," said Pandora to herself.

The boy soon got tired of playing alone. So he ran back to the house.

Just as he opened the door, he saw Pandora lift the lid of the box. Out flew hundreds of bees and wasps. They buzzed about the children's heads.

"Oh, I am stung!" cried the boy. "How it hurts! See what you have done, Pandora. Open the window and let them out."

Pandora was stung, too. She opened the window. The insects flew far and wide, stinging every one who came in their way. Both of the children began to cry.

Soon they heard a little noise in the box. Something rapped on the inside.

"Let me out! Let me out!" cried a sweet voice. "I will help you. Let me out!"

The children opened the box. Out flew a beautiful maiden.

"I am Hope," she said. "I will heal your sores." And she kissed the children and made them well.

Then she flew away to help the other people who had been hurt and who were in trouble.



THE MONTHS

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting 'round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings thunder-showers,
Apricots and gilly-flowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn;
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Brown October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast—
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

SARA COLERIDGE.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

PART I

The Pied Piper of Hamelin went to call upon the Mayor.

"Come in," said the Mayor.

"And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head,
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp, blue eyes, each like a pin."

"Good morning," said the Piper.

"I hear that you are troubled with rats in this town."

"Indeed we are," replied the Mayor. "We don't know what to do with them."

"I can get rid of them for you," said the Piper.



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

"I don't see how you can get rid of all the rats in this town," said the Mayor.

"I can," said the Piper. "What will you give me to do it?"

"Anything you want," said the Mayor.

"Well, what are you willing to give?" asked the Piper.

"One thousand guilders," answered the Mayor.

"Agreed," said the Piper.

Then he went into the street.

The Piper had a flute. It hung on a red and yellow ribbon around his neck. He began to play a queer, little tune on his flute.

Up one street and down another he went, playing his flute.

"And out of the houses the rats came tumbling. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats."

Every rat in the town followed him.

He led them into the river and they were all

drowned; that is, all but one fat, old rat who was so fat that he floated across the river.

Then the Piper went back to the Mayor.

PART II

“I have rid the town of rats for you,” said the Piper. “Now I have come for the thousand guilders.”

“What do you mean?” asked the Mayor.

“You surely remember your promise,” said the Piper.

“You must know that I was only joking,” said the Mayor.

“I was not joking,” said the Piper. “Will you give me the money, or not?”

“I will not,” said the Mayor.

“Then you will be sorry,” said the Piper. “I know another tune to play for people who do not keep their word.”

“I am not afraid of you,” said the Mayor.

Then the Piper went into the street once more.

He played a very sweet and beautiful tune this time.

“Out came the children running—

All the little boys and girls

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls.”

All the children in the town followed him.

No one could stop them.

He led them up, up, up, until they came to a mountain.

Then the sides of the mountain opened like a big door, and the children all went in, every one, except a little, lame boy, who could not keep up with the others.

Then the Mayor of Hamelin and all the people were very sad.

PART III

Long, long after this, the little, lame boy came back to the town.

“Why did you follow the Piper?” every one asked.

"I could not help it," said the boy.

"Why not?" asked the people.

"I do not know just why," said the boy.

"The music seemed to tell of beautiful woods and flowers and fields, of beautiful birds, and a wonderful land where every one was happy and glad. No child could help following the Piper when he played like that."

"For he led us," he said, "to a joyous land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,

And everything was strange and new;

And honey-bees had lost their stings,

And horses were born with eagles' wings.

The music stopped, and I stood still,

And found myself outside the hill."

And that is all the people ever knew about the Pied Piper. But oh, how lonesome it was in the town with all the children gone!

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

“What is Thanksgiving?” Edith asked her mother, as she was taking the last pumpkin pie out of the oven. “I know why we have Christmas. Is there a story about Thanksgiving, too?”

“It’s a long way back to the first Thanksgiving,” said mother; “but I will tell you the story while you are popping the corn.

“Long, long, long ago, there were no white men in our country. There were only Indians. After a while the white men began to come here from England. Some of the first to come landed at Plymouth, where it was very cold.

“The first winter they had a hard time. Many of the people died, because they were so cold and hungry.

“But some of the Indians were friendly, and



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

showed the white men how to plant corn. So the second summer they had a good harvest. 'We shall have enough to eat this winter,' one of the chief men said. 'We should thank God for His goodness to us. Let us have a day of thanksgiving.'

"So they had the first Thanksgiving. They invited the Indians, and about a hundred of them came. They got there early in the morning.

"After breakfast all the people went to church. They sang hymns, and praised God for His goodness to them. This was their Thanksgiving.

"After church, came the feast. The children could hardly wait for the dinner-time to come, for they knew how many good things their mothers had been cooking. They had turkey for dinner just as we do now, only their turkeys were wild ones.

"The Indians enjoyed it all, and when dinner was over, they played games and ran races. They had such a good time that they stayed three

days. So you see, my dear, the first Thanksgiving was really three days long."

"Oh, my! That was fine," said Edith. "I wish it were that way now."



THE BILL OF FARE

Pies of pumpkin, apple, mince,
Jams and jellies, peaches, quince,
Purple grapes and apples red,
Cakes and nuts and gingerbread —
That's Thanksgiving.

Turkey! Oh, a great, big fellow!
Fruits all ripe and rich and mellow,
Everything that's nice to eat,
More than I can now repeat —
That's Thanksgiving.

Lots and lots of jolly fun,
Games to play and races run,
All as happy as can be —
For this happiness, you can see,
Makes Thanksgiving.

We must thank the One who gave
All the good things that we have:
That is why we keep the day
Set aside, our mammas say,
For Thanksgiving.

EUGENE FIELD.



THE KING AND THE SPIDER

Once there was a king named Robert Bruce.

For a long time he and his men had been fighting another king. They had fought six battles, but Bruce had lost them all.

One day Bruce was very tired. He lay down on the ground to rest. He began to think he might as well give up.

"There is no use trying any more," he said to himself.

As he lay there, he saw a spider over his head. She was trying to weave her web.

The first time, the wind broke the fine thread, and the second time, and the third. She tried six times, but the thread broke each time.

The King watched her. "Poor little spider!" he said. "You have failed six times, and so have I."



But the spider did not give up. Once more she tried, and this time the web was finished.

Bruce jumped up from the ground.

"If a little spider can try seven times," he said to himself, "I can, too. I will fight once more, and this time I will win."

So he called his men together. They fought another battle. This time Bruce won.

THE GREEN PODS

One day last fall, Miss West brought a box of queer, green pods to school.

"What are they? What is in them? Where did you get them?" asked the children.

"I found them in the woods," replied Miss West; "but you will have to wait for the answers to the other questions."

"Here, May, hang some of them on a string near one of the windows," she said. "We will let Tom hang some of them near the heater."

For a few days the children watched the pods closely. They thought they knew what would happen, because once they had seen a great moth come out of a cocoon which looked something like the pods.

But no moth came, and the children forgot about the queer pods.

One day a gentle breeze stole in through the window. In a minute, little white tufts were flying all about the room.

"It's snowing, it's snowing, Miss West," cried the children.

"Catch the snowflakes," said Miss West. "Are they cold, Tom? Suppose you go and look at the little, green pods you forgot all about."

The children soon found that the snow-storm came out of the milkweed pods, which Miss West had brought in from the woods.





KEEPING STORE

We have bags and bags of whitest down
Out of the milkweed pods;
We have purple asters in lovely heaps,
And stacks of goldenrods;

We have needles out of the sweet pine woods,
And spools of cobweb thread;
We have bachelors' buttons for dolly's dress,
And hollyhock caps for her head.

MARY F. BUTTS.

THE GINGERBREAD BOY

There was once an old woman who lived with her husband in a very old house. They had one grandson.

One day, when the old woman was making cake, she said to the little boy, "I will make you a nice gingerbread boy to play with. You must watch the oven, so he will not burn. I will leave the door open."

That was just what the gingerbread boy wanted. The little boy nodded and fell asleep. Then out jumped the gingerbread boy.

"I can run away from you, I can," called he.

"Come quickly, husband," cried the little old woman. "The gingerbread boy is running away. Let us catch him."

He ran on and on, until he came to a barn. Here, some men were threshing wheat. At the door of the barn, he called—

"I am a little gingerbread boy.

I've run away from a little old woman,

A little old man,

A little old kettle,

A little old pan,

And I can run away from you,

I can, I can."

The men started after him. But he ran 'so fast, they could not catch him.

Then on and on he ran, until he came to a field. Here, some men were mowing. He called out:—

"I am a little gingerbread boy.

I've run away from a little old woman,

A little old man,

A little old kettle,

A little old pan,

A barn full of threshers,

And I can run away from you,

I can, I can."

The men started after him. But he ran so

fast, they could not catch him. Then on and on he ran, until he met a cow. He called out:—

“I am a little gingerbread boy.

I’ve run away from a little old woman,

A little old man,

A little old kettle,

A little old pan,

A barn full of threshers,

A field full of mowers,

And I can run away from you,

I can, I can.”

But the cow did not stop chewing her cud. She let him run on and on, until he met a fox. Then he called out:—

“I am a little gingerbread boy.

I’ve run away from a little old woman,

A little old man,

A little old kettle,

A little old pan,

A barn full of threshers,

A field full of mowers,
A cow,
And I can run away from you,
I can, I can."



Now you know, a fox can run very fast. So he ran after the gingerbread boy, until they came to a river which was very wide.

“Would you like to go across?” asked the fox. “Indeed I should,” said the gingerbread boy. “Jump on my tail, then,” said the fox.

He swam a little way. “The water is deeper,” he called. “We may drown. Jump on my back.” The gingerbread boy jumped on his back.

The fox swam a little farther. “The water is getting deeper,” he called. “We may drown. Jump on my nose.” The gingerbread boy jumped on his nose.

Just then they came to the other shore. The old fox opened his mouth,—and in went the gingerbread boy!

“Oh dear!” he said. “How I wish I had not run away from my good home, but had stayed with

The little old woman,
The little old man,
The little old kettle,
And the little old pan.”



SIR BOBBIE

SIR BOBBIE

The little boy next door wanted to be a policeman and the little boy around the corner was going to take tickets at the circus. But whenever Bobbie was asked, "What are you going to be when you grow to be a man?" he always answered proudly,—

"I'm going to be a knight."

He wanted to be a knight with prancing steed and waving plumes and all the rest. He was only his mother's trusty little boy now, but he would be a knight as soon as possible.

One day he came running into the house with his eyes big and bright. "Oh, mother!" he cried, "there was a big bug on the sidewalk, and there was a little girl there, and he might have bitten her. But I looked very crossly at him, and he went away."

That was when Bobbie began to be a knight.

There is a great deal of use for knights in the world, and Bobbie was kept very busy.

Every morning when he and his mother went to market, there was some little girl or cat or dog in trouble, and then it was so fortunate that there was a brave knight around.

He coaxed away the butterflies that the boys had caught in bags, and set them free. He carried food to the baby birds that had fallen from the nests in the park. He put every faded flower he found, into water. He kept the dogs from teasing the cats, and frightened the cats away from the birds.

"I think it is time Bobbie was having a pony," said his mother one day. "How would you like that, Bobbie?"

"Not a plain pony—a steed, mother," begged Bobbie. "Please get me a steed."

"Certainly, a knight must have a steed," said she, laughing.

And it was that very day that Bobbie became a knight.

He was on his way home from kindergarten, when he saw a very big boy and a very little girl with a doll in her arms.

The little girl was crying, and Bobbie saw that the doll was broken.

"He broke it," she sobbed, pointing to the big boy, "and he won't let me go home to tell mother."

"I'll stand in front of you, and you run quickly," said Bobbie, and, planting his feet firmly, he faced the big boy, while the little girl ran off.

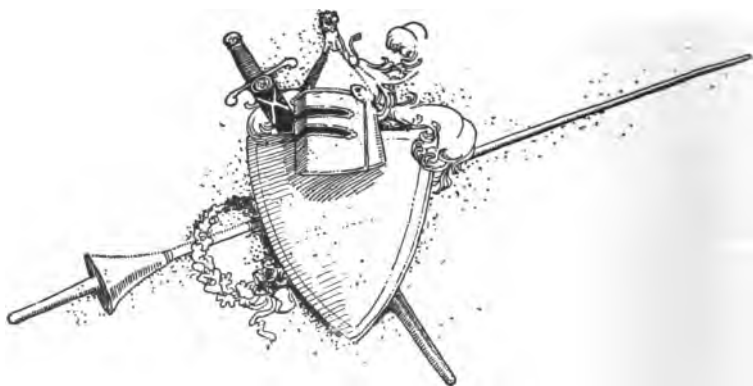
The big boy raised his stick, but Bobbie looked him straight in the eyes, and the stick came down again. Bobbie stood still for a moment. Then he said earnestly, "I'm afraid you'll never be a knight," and ran home as fast as he could. He dropped down before his mother's chair with his face in her lap.

"It's very hard work trying to be a knight," he sobbed, when he had told her all about it; "but I will be one."

"Look, Bobbie!" his mother cried, raising the window suddenly. Down the walk came the gardener, and prancing along behind him was a beautiful white pony.

"You have won your spurs fairly, my little boy," said Bobbie's mother, soberly. Then, as she kissed the tear-stained face, she tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"You are a knight, now," she said. "Be always brave, loyal, and true. Rise, Sir Bobbie."



CRADLE SONG

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father is watching the sheep!

Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,

And down drops a little dream for thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The great stars are the sheep,

The little stars are the lambs, I guess;

The bright moon is the shepherdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thy father is watching the sheep!

Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,

And down drops a little dream for thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE LITTLE LEAF

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said:—

“What is the matter, little leaf?”

“The wind,” said the leaf, “just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to the ground to die.”

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf:—

“Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to.” So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on rustling and singing.

When the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both

colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said:—

“All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy.”

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it. When it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color, and so the leaf said;—

“O branch, why are you lead-colored and we golden?”

“We must keep on our work clothes,” said the tree, “for our life is not done; but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over.”

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air. It dropped gently under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream, but it never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

A GOOD PLAY

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake;" —
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE CROSS BOX



It was a rainy day, and the children had to stay in the house.

“I think it’s too bad,” said Ned. “I wanted to go fishing to-day.”

"And I was going to set up my new wind-mill," grumbled Frank.

"Well, my flower seeds are just waiting to be picked," said Susie. "This rain will wash them away."

"My kitty has run away," sobbed little Ethel, "and I can't go to the barn to look for her."

All the children felt bad, and by the afternoon they were very cross.

"Where are all my happy children?" said mother. "I do not know any of these cross little people."

For a while they were quiet. Then Ned ran to his mother with a small box. He had cut a hole in the top, just large enough for a penny to slip in. Under the hole he had printed the words,—

CROSS BOX

"Look, mother," he said. "Suppose we pay a penny fine, every time we are cross."

Mother laughed and said, "That will be a good plan, if you are all willing to do it."

"I am," said Susie; "I'm not going to be cross any more."

"And I," said Frank.

"And I," added Ethel.

"What shall we do with all the money?" asked Susie.

"We'll buy a magic lantern," said Ned.

"No, we'll buy some candy," said Frank.

"Oh, no," said Susie, "we'll send it for a bed in the Children's Hospital."

"I tell you," said Ned, angrily, "if you don't do as I want to, I'll pitch the box out of the window."

"Where is your penny, Ned?" said mother.

Ned looked very foolish, but he brought the first penny and dropped it into the box.

A MUSIC BOX

I am a little Music Box,
Wound up and made to go,
And play my little living tune
The best way that I know.
If I am naughty, cross, or rude,
The music will go wrong,
My little works be tangled up,
And spoil the pretty song.
I must be very sweet and good
And happy all the day,
And then the little Music Box
In tune will always play.

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

THE SUNBEAM

The sun was up.

The sky in the east had told that he was on the way, for it had turned red and gold as he came near. And now he looked down on the earth and sent out his beams to wake every one from sleep.

A beam came to the little birds in the trees and they rose at once. They flew about and sang as loud as they could.

Then a beam came to the rabbit and waked her. She gave her eyes a rub, and ran out of the wood into the green field, to eat the fresh grass.

A third beam came into the hen-house. The rooster flapped his wings and crowed, and all the hens flew out into the yard to get something to eat.

Then a beam came to the beehive, and the bees crept out of the hive. They flew off to sip the honey of the flowers which had been wakened by the sun.

The last beam came to the bed of a boy, too fond of sleep, and woke him. But he would not get up. He hid his face from it, as he turned toward the wall.

So he went to sleep once more, though all the animals were up and at their work.

“Rise, rise, you sleepy head;
Lie no longer here in bed.
The sun was up an hour ago,
And you should welcome him, you know.
Rise, rise, you sleepy head;
Lie no longer here in bed.”



THE PRINCE AND HIS HORSE

One day King Philip bought a horse called Bucephalus. He was a fine animal, and the king paid a big price for him. But he was so wild that no one could do anything with him.

They tried whipping him, but that only made him worse. So the king told his servants to send the horse away.

"It is a pity to lose so fine a horse," said the king's youngest son. "I think I can manage him if you will let me try."

"And if you fail, what then?" asked his father.

"I will pay you the price of the horse," said Alexander.

While everybody was laughing, Alexander ran to Bucephalus and turned his head to the

sun. He knew the horse was afraid of his shadow.

Then he patted the horse on the head and spoke gently to him. Soon he made a quick spring and leaped upon his back.

Every one thought that the boy would be killed. But he kept his place, and let the horse run as fast as he wanted to, at first. At last he was able to ride back to his father.

All the men shouted when they saw that Alexander had become master of the horse. Philip was very proud of his son.

Ever after that, Alexander and Bucephalus were great friends. They were always together. Bucephalus carried his master through many battles, and often saved his life.



THE THREE BEARS

There was once a little girl whose name was Golden Hair. One day she went to the woods to pick some flowers. As she was walking along, she came to a house which she had never seen before.

This house belonged to three bears, a great big father bear, a middle-sized mother bear, and a teeny, tiny, baby bear. The door was open, so Golden Hair walked in.

No one was at home. The bears had gone out for a walk. But on the table were three bowls of porridge.

There was a great, big bowl for the father bear. Golden Hair tasted that, but it was too cold. There was a middle-sized bowl for the mother bear. She tasted that, but it was too hot. There was a little, tiny bowl for the baby

bear. She tasted that and it was just right. So she ate it all.

Then she went into the parlor. There stood three chairs. There was a great, big chair for the father bear, a middle-sized chair for the mother bear, and a little, tiny chair for the baby bear.

Golden Hair sat down in the big chair. It was too high. She sat down in the middle-sized chair. It was too broad. Then she sat down in the little, tiny chair. That was just right, but she sat down so hard that the chair broke.

“Oh, dear, I am so tired!” said Golden Hair. “I wish I could find a bed.” So she went upstairs.

There she saw three beds, a great, big bed for the father bear, a middle-sized bed for the mother bear, and a little, tiny bed for the baby bear.

She tried the largest bed and found it too hard. That was the father bear’s bed. She tried the middle-sized bed and found it too soft. That was

the mother bear's bed. Then she tried the smallest bed and found it just right. That was the baby bear's bed. Golden Hair lay there until she fell asleep.

While she was asleep, the three bears came home from their walk. They were very tired and hungry, so they went to the table to get their porridge. Big Bear looked into his bowl and growled:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!”

Middle-sized Bear looked into her bowl and said:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN TASTING MY PORRIDGE!”

Little Bear looked into his bowl and peeped:—

“Somebody has been tasting my porridge, and has eaten it all!”

Then they went into the parlor, to sit down and rest. Big Bear looked at his chair and growled:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!”

Middle-sized Bear looked at her chair and said:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!”

Little Bear looked at his chair and peeped:—

“Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has broken it all to pieces!”

Then they went upstairs, to go to bed. When Big Bear saw his bed, he growled:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!”

Middle-sized Bear saw her bed and said:—

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!”

Little Bear saw his bed and piped in his little voice:—

“Somebody has been in my bed, and here she is!”

At that, Golden Hair woke up. She jumped out of the bed and ran away as fast as she could. She never went to visit the three bears again.

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out
with me,

And what can be the use of him is more than
I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up to
the head;

And I see him jump before me, when I jump
into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he
likes to grow —

Not at all like proper children, which is al-
ways very slow;

For he sometimes shoots up taller like an
india-rubber ball,

And he sometimes gets so little that there's
none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought
to play,

And can only make a fool of me in every sort
of way.

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward
you can see;

I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was
up,

I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup;

But my lazy, little shadow, like an arrant
sleepy-head,

Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.





THE STORY OF JOSEPH

I

Once upon a time, in a far-away country, there lived a man whose name was Jacob.

He had twelve sons. Of all his sons, Jacob loved Joseph best. Once he made him a

beautiful coat of the finest wool and of many colors.

The brothers hated Joseph when they saw that their father loved him more than he did them.

Joseph's brothers were shepherds. They took the sheep to the green fields, a long way off.

One day, Jacob said to Joseph, "Go now and see whether it is well with your brothers, and well with the flocks. Then come and bring me word of them."

When his brothers saw him coming, they said, "Come now and let us slay him and cast him into one of the pits. We will say an evil beast has devoured him."

But one of the brothers said, "Let us not take his life."

So when Joseph came up to them, they took off his coat of many colors and cast him into the pit. Then the brothers sat down to eat.

After a while, they saw some men coming towards them on camels. The camels were loaded with many costly things, which the men were taking to another country to sell.

One of the brothers said, "Let us not kill Joseph. Let us sell him to the merchants."

So they lifted Joseph out of the pit, and the men took him far away with them.

Then they killed a goat and dipped Joseph's coat in the blood. They took this to their father and asked him if he knew whose coat it was.

Jacob said, "It is my son's coat. An evil beast has devoured him."

And his father wept for him.

II

Joseph became a great man in the new country called Egypt. The king was his friend.

Many years later, there was a famine in the land where Joseph's father and brothers still

lived. No corn or grain had been saved, and the people had to go to Egypt to buy food.

Joseph had charge of all the king's grain. One day his brothers came to buy some. He was so richly dressed and had grown so tall that they did not know him. But he knew them.

He said, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom you sold into Egypt. Is my father still alive?"

Then he kissed his brothers and told them that he was not angry with them.

"Go back," he said, "and tell our father that I am still alive. Bring him and your wives and little ones to live in the land of Egypt."

Then the brothers went joyfully back to their own country. They said to their father, "Joseph is alive and is ruler over all the land of Egypt."

And Jacob said, "Joseph, my son, is yet alive! I will go and see him before I die."

DORA AND THE LIGHT

Dora was a little girl, who lived with her father in a lighthouse on a rocky island, away out in the ocean.

Some one has to live in the lighthouses all the time, to take care of the big lamps and keep them burning brightly for the ships that go out on the sea. In the night, the lights show the sailors which way to go to keep off the rocks.

Little Dora had no mother to take care of her, and she could not go to school because the land was so very far away.

Every day she went out into a little garden around the lighthouse, to play in the sand. She was very happy in the sunshine, and she used to pick up pretty shells and stones that she found among the rocks.

At night, as soon as the sun went to bed, she

went up the steps that led to the light, and watched her father light the great lamp that shone for the sailors far out on the sea.



One day, her father said, "I must go away in a boat to the land, to buy some things for us to eat; but I will come back soon."

So he went away, and Dora watched the boat until it looked like a little speck.

By and by some clouds hid the sun. Then raindrops began to fall and Dora had to run into the lighthouse.

The rain came faster and faster and the sea grew very rough.

Dora sat by the window and watched the big waves, but she saw no boat coming from the shore.

The night was growing dark and there was no one to light the great lamp, which must shine on the ocean to show her father and the sailors the way.

Dora did not like to be alone, but she knew she must be a brave girl. She went up the long stairs and tried to light the lamp just as her father did.

But she was too small. The light was too high for her to reach. So she went down the long steps for a chair to help make her tall. Then she struck a match, and in a minute the great lamp was shining out on the stormy sea.

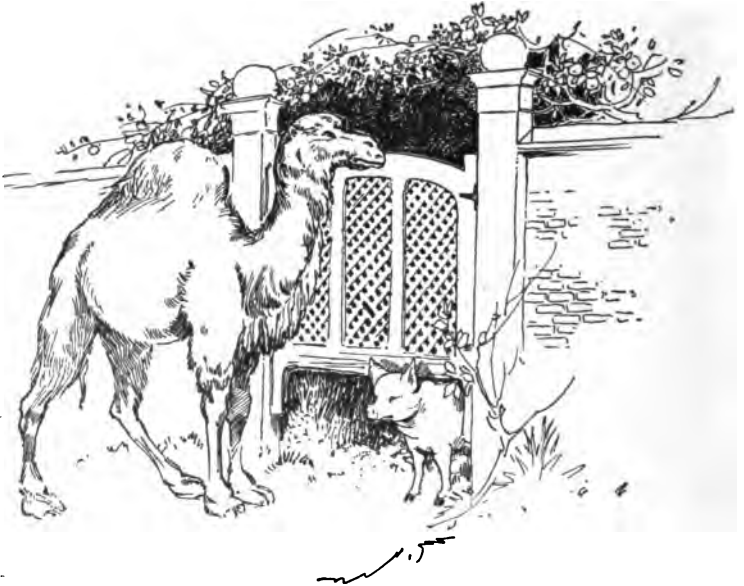
When the moon shone out on the water and the great waves went down, Dora's father came home.

He ran up the steps as fast as he could and found his brave, little girl sound asleep. But the lighthouse lamp was burning.

THE CAMEL AND THE PIG

A Camel said, "Nothing like being tall! See how tall I am!"

A Pig who heard these words said, "Nothing like being short! See how short I am!"



The Camel said, "Well, if I can not prove the truth of what I said, I will give up my hump."

The Pig said, "If I can not prove the truth of what I said, I will give up my snout."

"Agreed!" cried the Camel.

"Just so!" cried the Pig.

They came to a garden with a wall without any gate in it. The Camel stood outside of the wall, and, reaching the plants with his long neck, made a breakfast on them. Then he turned to the Pig, who had been standing at the bottom of the wall, and said, "Now, would you be tall or short?"

Next, they came to a garden with a high wall, with a gate at one end. The Pig went in under the gate, and made his breakfast on vegetables. He came out, laughing at the poor Camel, who had had to stay outside, because he was too tall to go under the gate. The Pig said, "Now would you be tall or short?"

Then they thought the matter over, and agreed that the Camel should keep his hump and the Pig his snout.

PRECOCIOUS PIGGY

Where are you going to, you little pig?

“I’m leaving my Mother, I’m growing so big!”

So big, young pig!

So young, so big!

What, leaving your Mother, you foolish young pig?

Where are you going to, you little pig?

“I’ve got a new spade, and I’m going to dig!”

To dig, little pig!

A little pig dig!

Well, I never saw a pig with a spade that could dig!

Where are you going to, you little pig?

“Why, I’m going to have a nice ride in a gig!”

In a gig, little pig!

What, a pig in a gig!

Well, I never saw a pig ride in a gig!

Where are you going to, you little pig?

“I’m going to the barber’s to buy me a wig!”

A wig, little pig!

A pig in a wig!

Why, whoever before saw a pig in a wig?

Where are you going to, you little pig?

“Why, I’m going to the ball to dance a fine jig!”

A jig, little pig!

A pig dance a jig!

Well, I never before saw a pig dance a jig!

Where are you going to, you little pig?

“I’m going to the fair to run a fine rig!”

A rig, little pig!

A pig run a rig!

Well, I never before saw a pig run a rig!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE PIG BROTHER

There was once a child who was untidy. He left his books on the floor, and his muddy shoes on the table; he put his fingers into the jam pots, and spilled ink on his best pinafore; there was really no end to his untidiness.

One day the Tidy Angel came into his nursery.

"This will never do!" said the Angel. "This is really shocking. You must go out and stay with your brother while I set things to rights here."

"I have no brother," said the child.

"Yes, you have," said the Angel. "You may not know him, but he will know you. Go out into the garden and watch for him, and he will soon come."

"I don't know what you mean," said the child; but he went out into the garden and waited.

Presently a squirrel came along, whisking his tail.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"Well, I should hope not!" he said. "My fur is neat and smooth, my nest is handsomely made, and in perfect order, and my young ones are properly brought up. Why do you insult me by asking such a question?"

He whisked off, and the child waited.

Presently a wren came hopping by.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"No, indeed!" said the wren. "What impertinence! You will find no tidier person than I, in the whole garden. Not a feather is out of place, and my eggs are the wonder of all, for smoothness and beauty. Brother, indeed!" He hopped off, ruffling his feathers, and the child waited.



THE PIG BROTHER

By and by, a large Tommy Cat came along.

"Are you my brother?" asked the child.

"Go and look at yourself in the glass," said the Tommy Cat haughtily, "and you will have your answer. I have been washing myself in the sun all the morning, while it is clear that no water has come near you for a long time. There are no such creatures as you in my family, I am humbly thankful to say."

He walked on, waving his tail, and the child waited.

Presently a pig came trotting along.

The child did not wish to ask the pig if he were his brother, but the pig did not wait to be asked.

"Hello, brother!" he grunted.

"I am not your brother!" said the child.

"Oh, yes, you are!" said the pig. "I confess I am not proud of you, but there is no mistaking the members of our family. Come along and have a good roll in the barnyard. There is some lovely black mud there."

"I don't like to roll in mud," said the child.

"Tell that to the hens!" said the pig brother. "Look at your hands and your shoes and your pinafore! Come along, I say! You may have some of the pig-wash for supper, if there is more than I want."

"I don't want pig-wash," said the child; and he began to cry.

Just then the Tidy Angel came out.

"I have set everything to rights," she said, "and so it must stay. Now will you go with the pig brother, or will you come back with me and be a tidy child?"

"With you, with you!" cried the child; and he clung to the Angel's dress.

The pig brother grunted. "Small loss," he said. "There will be all the more wash for me!" and he trotted on.

LAURA ELIZABETH RICHARDS.

WILLIAM TELL

Once upon a time the people of Switzerland were ruled by a cruel man whose name was Gessler. One day he set up a tall pole and put his cap on the top of it.

Then he said, "Every man who comes into this town must bow down before this cap."

But there was one man who would not do this. William Tell stood up straight, folded his arms, and laughed. "I will not bow down," he said in a loud voice.

When Gessler heard this, he was very angry.

Tell lived in the mountains. He was a great hunter. No one in all the land could shoot as well with a bow and arrow as he could. Gessler knew this, and he thought of a cruel plan.

He made Tell's little boy stand with an apple on his head. Then he said to Tell,

“Shoot the apple from off his head with one of your arrows. If you fail, my soldiers shall kill the boy before your eyes.”

“Will you make me kill my boy?” asked Tell. “What if he should move? What if the arrow should not go straight?” But Gessler would not listen.

Then, without another word, Tell fitted the arrow to his bow. The boy stood still. He was not afraid, for he trusted his father. The arrow whizzed through the air. It struck the apple, and the people shouted with joy.

As Tell turned away, another arrow dropped from under his coat.

“What do you mean by that second arrow?” cried Gessler.

“That arrow was for your heart, if I had hurt my child,” said Tell.

HOW THEY SLEEP

Some things go to sleep in such a funny way:
Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their
heads away,

And chickens do the same, standing on their perch;
Little mice lie soft and still as if they were in
church;

Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;
Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still
in a stall;

Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap;
Cows lie down upon their sides, when they
would go to sleep.

But little babies dear, are snugly tucked in beds,
Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows
for their heads.

Bird and beast and babe — I wonder which of all
Dream the dearest dreams, that down from
dreamland fall.



CHRISTMAS AT THE LIGHTHOUSE

CHRISTMAS AT THE LIGHTHOUSE

One morning the postman brought May a letter. It was from her cousin Dora, who invited May to spend Christmas with her at the lighthouse. Mother said she might go.

May had never seen a lighthouse, and when Dora and Uncle John met her and pointed to the tall, round house on a high rock out in the water, she was a little frightened. But she got into the boat, and Uncle John rowed them over to the lighthouse.

Such a funny house! On the inside there were steps and steps and steps, which went round and round the house, all the way up to the top, where the big light was kept.

Dora showed May her pretty room. Then she took her up to see the light. "We have no fireplace," said Dora, "so we shall hang our

stockings up here by the light. I always hang mine here, so that Santa Claus can see it."

"But how does he get here?" asked May.

"I don't know," said Dora, "but he always comes."



On Christmas Eve, Uncle John called the children. "Come, girls, it's time to hang up

those stockings. We will put them near the light, where Santa Claus will be sure to find them."

After the stockings were hung up, Uncle John told them stories of the sea until bedtime. He told May about the stormy night when Dora fixed the light.

When May went to bed, she was still wondering how Santa Claus would ever get to the lighthouse.

She never found out. But in the morning, the two little stockings were full of nuts and candy, with a big orange at the top of each.

"He came, Dora, he came!" cried May. "And oh, see the toys!"

There were dolls for both girls. A set of dishes for May and a toy piano for Dora, and some books and games were on the floor.

"This is the funniest Christmas I have ever had," said May.

THE COCK AND THE FOX

I

Once upon a time there was a poor widow who lived in a little house near a wood.

Back of the house was a small yard, where she kept her hens and chickens.

She had a fine rooster called Chanticleer. His comb was red, his bill was black, his legs and toes were blue, his nails were white and his feathers shone like gold. There was not a cock in all the land who could crow as well as he.

A sly old fox lived in the wood. For a long time he had been trying to catch Chanticleer and carry him off to his den.

One night the fox crawled through the fence and hid in a cabbage-bed. The next morning, while Chanticleer was crowing his loudest, he saw the fox near him. He gave a frightened "Cock-a-doodle-doo," and started to run away.

"Kind friend," said the fox, "I beg you not to run. I came into the yard to hear you crow. I knew your father, and I never heard any one, except yourself, sing so well as he.

"Your father had a way of making his voice strong. He used to stand on tiptoe and stretch his neck. Then he would close his eyes and make the sweetest music. I beg that you will sing for me once more."

Chanticleer was so pleased that he stretched his neck and made a bow. Then he stood up on his tiptoes, closed his eyes and began to crow as loud as he could.

This was just what the sly, old fox wanted. While Chanticleer was crowing his loudest, the fox caught him by the throat and ran off toward the wood as fast as he could go.

II

The hens began to cackle, and the dog barked and started after the fox. The widow shouted,

“Stop! Stop! After him, neighbors! The fox! The fox!”

The men caught up their sticks and ran, the cow and the calf ran, the geese squawked, the ducks quacked, and all the time the fox was running off to his den with the cock.

Chanticleer saw how vain and silly he had been to listen to the sly fox, but although he was almost frightened to death, he thought of a way to save himself.

“What a noise they make! They can never catch you,” he said to the fox. “You run too fast for them. I should say, ‘Go back! Go back! I am close to my den, and I will eat this cock for dinner in spite of all of you.’”

The fox was so pleased to hear Chanticleer praise him, that he said, “Indeed, that is the very thing I will do;” but when he spoke the first word, the cock broke away from him and flew high up into a tree.

The fox saw that the cock had been too wise for him.

"Come down from your tree, dear Chanticleer," he said. "I see you do not understand my playful ways. If you will come down to the ground, we can talk things over."

"No, thank you," said Chanticleer. "You can not flatter me again. I will never shut my eyes and sing to you again; for he who closes his eyes when he ought to keep them open will surely get into trouble."

"Alas!" said the fox, "but worse luck comes to him who opens his mouth to talk when he ought to keep it shut."

THE STORY OF PETER RABBIT

I

Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Peter were four little rabbits. They lived with their good mother in a sand-bank near a big fir tree.

One day Mrs. Rabbit had to go to the store. "Come, children," she said, "let me tell you what to do while I am away. You may play in the field where the blackberries grow, but you must not go into Mr. McGregor's garden. I shall bring you some buns from the baker's, if you are good. Now run along."

"We will be good, mother," they cried, and off they went.

Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail went to the field to look for blackberries, but what do you suppose naughty Peter did?

He ran straight to Mr. McGregor's garden. He

squeezed himself under the gate, and was soon having a fine time in Mr. McGregor's lettuce bed.

When he had eaten all the lettuce he wanted, off he started to the parsley bed; but just as he turned the corner, he had a great fright.

Mr. McGregor, who was planting cabbages in the garden, suddenly looked up at him. Peter was so frightened that he forgot where the garden gate was, but he started to run.

Mr. McGregor picked up his rake and ran after him. He called, "Stop, thief! Stop, thief!" until Peter became more frightened than ever.

His shoe came off, but he could not stop to find it. And then! What do you think? He fell into a net. There he was, caught fast, and Mr. McGregor was very close to him now.

How Peter wished that he had gone to the blackberry field with his brothers!

Poor Peter was sure that Mr. McGregor would soon catch him, when a thought came to him. Guess what he did!

He found that the buttons of his jacket held him fast to the net. So he slipped out of the jacket, left it in the net and ran off like the wind.

He made straight for the tool house. There he saw a watering-can. "What a fine place to hide!" he said, and in he jumped.



"Oh! Oh!" Peter had jumped into a can of water. It was cold and wet, but there he had to stay, for he heard Mr. McGregor coming. I think Mr. McGregor would never have found

him if Peter had not sneezed. "Kerchoo!" went Peter. Then Mr. McGregor was after him again.

Out of the window dashed Peter.

Mr. McGregor was tired of chasing Peter by this time. "Let him go," he said. "I'll catch him one of these days."

II

It was a long time before Peter stopped running. He looked behind him.

No one was coming, so he sat down to rest and to find some way to get out of the garden.

In front of him was a big, stone wall, without even a tiny, little hole.

A wee mouse ran by, but did not stop to listen when Peter cried, "Little mouse, please show me the way out." But the mouse only shook her head and ran on.

Peter could not find the gate, so he thought

he would go back to the tool house. On the way he saw a wheelbarrow, and climbed upon it to look around. He saw Mr. McGregor, but his back was turned.

Near Mr. McGregor was the gate. Peter jumped down and ran to it as fast as he could. Mr. McGregor saw him, but Peter ran so fast that he could not catch him.

He slipped under the gate and was safe in the wood at last. He did not stop running until he reached his home near the big tree. He was so tired that he lay down on the soft sand, and was soon fast asleep.

His mother, who was busy cooking, came out. "Where are Peter's coat and shoes?" she thought. "This is the second coat he has lost this month."

Peter did not feel very well that evening. So his mother put him to bed without any supper. But Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail had bread and milk and blackberries for their supper.

IN TRUST

It's coming, boys,
It's almost here;
It's coming, girls,
The Grand New Year!

A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;

A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving
And hearty thriving;

A bright new year.
Oh! hold it dear;
For God who sendeth
He only lendeth.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

THE STRAW, THE COAL, AND THE BEAN

One day a little, old woman went out into the garden and gathered some beans. She wanted to cook them for her supper. Her fire was not very hot, so she threw on a handful of straw.

As she was putting the beans into the pan, one dropped, without her seeing it. There it lay on the ground, beside a straw.

By and by a hot coal leaped from the fire, and he, too, lay beside the straw.

“My dear friends, what are you doing here?” asked the straw.

“Well,” said the coal, “I leaped from that red-hot fire. I am glad I jumped when I did, because I should have been burned to ashes by this time.”

“I, too, got away from the old woman just

in time," said the bean. "If she had put me into that pan, I should have been made into soup by this time."

"Well, well! How queer!" said the straw. "Do you know, she was going to burn me with sixty of my brothers, but I slipped through her fingers and lay here on the ground, as still as I could be."

"But what are we to do now?" asked the coal.

"I think," answered the bean, "that as we all got away from the old woman when she was sure she had us, we should travel together and be friends."

"You are right," said the straw and the coal.

So they started on their way together. By and by they came to a stream, where there was no bridge.

"What shall we do?" asked the coal.

"I will lay myself across the stream," said

the straw, "and then you can walk over me as if I were a bridge."

The straw placed herself across the stream.

"Who will go first?" asked the bean.

"I am not afraid," said the coal. "I will go first, of course."



The coal started to cross the bridge, while the bean sat on the bank.

When he came to the middle of the straw, the coal stopped, for he was afraid after all.

As he was still warm, he began to burn the straw. By and by it broke into two pieces and fell into the stream. Hiss! hiss! Down went the coal into the water.

The bean was sorry that she would not see her friends again. But she could not help laughing. She laughed and laughed and laughed until she burst her skin.

Poor bean! What was she to do now?

It is hard to tell what might have become of her, if a tailor had not come by just then.

"Poor little bean!" he said. "Let me see what I can do for you." So he pulled out his needle and thread.

"I have only black thread," said he; "but black thread is better than no thread." Then he sewed up the bean with black thread.

How glad she was to be whole again! She thanked him and went on her way.

Ever since that day, some beans have had black seams.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby Street
Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her
feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
“Rub-a-dub!” it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of popguns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,

And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty
gleams,

And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon
beams,

The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are
tiny and fleet?

They'll come to you sleeping;

So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD.



THE CAT AND THE MOUSE

One day a cat and a mouse were playing in the barn. Puss bit off the mouse's tail.

"Please, Puss, give me my tail again," said the little mouse.

"No," said the cat, "I will not give you your tail again until you go to the cow and get me some milk."

So the mouse started off to look for a cow.

First she skipped and then she ran,

Till she came to a cow, and thus began:—

"Please, cow, give me some milk to take to the cat, so she will give me my tail again."

"No," said the cow, "I will give you no milk until you go to the farmer and get me some hay."

First she skipped and then she ran,

Till she met a farmer, and thus began:—

“Please, farmer, give me some hay. I will give it to the cow, and she will give me some milk for the cat. Then I will get my tail again.”

“No,” said the farmer, “I will give you no hay until you go to the butcher and fetch me some meat.”

First she skipped and then she ran,
Till she came to a butcher, and thus began:—

“Please, butcher, give me some meat. I will give it to the farmer, so he will give me some hay for the cow. Then the cow will give me some milk for the cat, and I will get my tail again.”

“No,” said the butcher. “I’ll give you no meat until you fetch me some bread.”

First she skipped and then she ran,
Till she came to the baker, and thus began:—

“Please, baker, give me some bread. I will give it to the butcher, who will give me some

meat for the farmer. Then the farmer will give me some hay for the cow, and the cow will give me some milk for the cat. So I shall get my tail back again."

"Yes," said the baker. "I'll give you some bread,

But if you eat my meal, I'll cut off your head."

The little mouse promised the baker she would not eat his meal, so he gave her a fresh loaf of bread just out of the oven.

First she skipped and then she ran,

Till she came to the butcher, and thus began:—

"Here is your bread; now give me some meat."

So the butcher gave the mouse some meat, which she took to the farmer. The farmer gave her some hay for the cow. The cow gave her some nice, fresh milk for the cat.

But Puss thought she would tease the mouse

a little more, so she played she did not know where the tail was.

"Dear me! Where could I have put it?" she mewed.

"My! I hope you haven't lost it," squeaked the mouse.

"Oh, now I think I know where it is," mewed Puss. "It must be in my trunk in the cellar."

But the tail was not in the trunk.

"Dear me!" mewed Puss. "I must have dropped it into the rain barrel."

But no, it was not in the rain barrel.

By this time, the poor little mouse was squeaking and trembling.

"Oh, yes, I know. How stupid of me!" said the cat. "It is in the chicken coop."

And there they found it, hanging on a nail.

Puss began to lap the milk, and the little mouse, with her tail in her mouth, ran away to her hole as fast as she could.



OUR FLAG

There are many flags of many lands,
There are flags of every hue;
But there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

Then hurrah for the flag, our country's flag,
With its stripes and its bright stars, too;
For there is no flag, however grand,
Like our own Red, White, and Blue.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

When George Washington was a little boy, he lived in a house near a beautiful river. He liked to fish and swim and to go up and down the river in the boats.

He did not go to a big school in the city. There was a small schoolhouse on his father's farm, and there George went to school with a few other boys.

He learned to read and he liked to write.

"Always speak the truth," is one of the things he wrote in his copy book.

"Always keep your promises," "Always do your best," are some of the other things he wrote.

After school, George and the other boys used to run races, play Indians, and have a great deal of fun.



But he liked best of all to play soldiers with the boys.

They always made him the captain of the company.

He gave his soldiers cornstalks and broomsticks for guns and swords, when they went to fight the Indians.

One of George's playmates was Richard Henry Lee. Sometimes they went to visit at each other's houses, and sometimes they wrote letters. Richard's father bought him two picture-books. He sent one of them to George.

This is the letter which George sent him, thanking him for such a pretty present:—

Dear Dickey,

I thank you very much for the pretty picture-book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it. I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch him. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word.

Ma says I may go to see you, and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote it.

G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well,
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

Your good friend,

George Washington.

When George grew up, he became a brave soldier and fought in a great war.

After the war was over, the people chose him for President.

He was our first President.

George Washington was:—

“First in war,

First in peace,

And first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

'Tis splendid to live so grandly,

That, long after you are gone,

The things you did are remembered,

And recounted under the sun;

To live so bravely and purely

That a nation stops on its way,

And once a year, with banner and drum,

Keeps the thought of your natal day.

MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

I

There was once a donkey who was too old to work any more. So his master wanted to get rid of him.

"I will run away and become a town musician," said the donkey. So he started for the town.

On the way he came to a dog, lying on the ground.

"Why are you lying there, good dog?" he asked.

"I am too old to hunt any more, and my master means to have me killed," said the dog. "That is why I have run away."

"Will you come with me?" asked the donkey. "I am going to become a town musi-

cian. I will play the flute and you can beat the drum."

"I will," said the dog. So the two went on to the town.

Soon they saw a cat, sitting in the middle of the road.

"What is the matter, Sir Tom?" asked the donkey.

"I am old and can not catch any more mice," said the cat. "So my mistress is going to have me killed. I have run away, but I don't know where to go."

"You can make good night music," said the donkey. "Come with us and be a street musician."

So the cat walked on with them.

Soon they came to a farmyard. On the gate post stood a rooster. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he crowed, as loud as he could.

"Why do you crow so loud, Friend Red Comb?" asked the donkey.

“I am crowing for the last time,” said the rooster. “The cook is going to boil me for dinner.”

“Oh, Red Comb, come with us,” said the donkey. “You have a fine voice. It will be better to be a street musician than to be made into soup.”

“Indeed it will,” said the rooster.

So off started the four.

II

As they were walking along, the rooster said, “Oh, I see a house not far away. There is a light in the window.”

“Let us go there,” said the donkey. “We may find something to eat and a good place to sleep.”

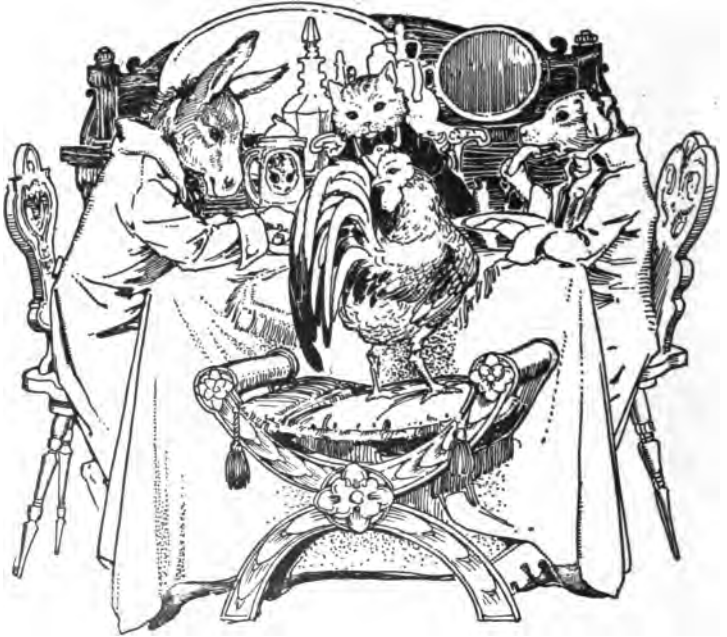
“I wish I had a piece of meat,” said the dog.

“A fat mouse would be good,” said the cat.

“I should like to have some grain,” said the rooster.

When they came to the house, the donkey looked in at the window.

“What do you see, old fellow?” asked the rooster.



“I see a table with many good things to eat on it. Some robbers are sitting at the table. I wish we had those good things to eat.”

"I have a plan," said the rooster.

"Come, friend donkey. You stand on your hind legs and put your fore legs on the window-sill."

"Friend dog, you climb on friend donkey's back.

"Sir Tom, you spring up on friend dog's back.

"I'll fly up on Sir Tom's head. Now, at a sign we will all make our loudest noise and that will frighten the robbers away.

"One, two, three! Ready!"

The donkey brayed as hard as he could. The dog barked, "Bow-wow-wow!" The cat went, "Meow, meow!" The cock crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Such a noise!

The windows rattled and broke, and the robbers ran away as fast as they could.

The four friends went in and ate all the good things.

Then they said, "Good night," and went to sleep.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

God make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so, what health and strength I have,
May serve my neighbor best.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS A LITTLE BOY

On February 12, 1809, Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin. His parents were very poor, so the little cabin had only one room.

Little Abe was named after his grandfather. When he was seven years old, his father moved to Indiana. It took three days to go from the old home to the new, and the little boy walked almost all the way.

His father had to cut down trees from the wood to build his log cabin. While his father cut down the big trees, little Abe chopped down the low bushes.

The new house had only three sides. There was no chimney, so the fire had to be built out of doors. The bare earth was the only floor and the wind blew through the cracks in the log walls.

Abe loved to study, but he had to help his father on the farm, so he could not go to school very often. There were very few schools in those days and the nearest one was almost five miles from his home.

He learned to read, but he did not have many books. Once a neighbor lent him a "Life of Washington." He took the book to bed with him, and after his candle burned out, he stuck the book in one of the cracks in the wall, so that he could get it the first thing in the morning. But it rained hard during the night and the book got wet. Little Abe was frightened when he took the book back to the neighbor.

But the neighbor said, "If you will come and pull fodder in my cornfield for three days, you may keep the book."

The little boy was so happy to have a book of his own that he did not mind the hard work.

He liked to do sums and to write, almost as much as he liked to read. He had no slate,

no paper and no pencil, so he wrote on boards with a burnt stick. Sometimes he used an old wooden shovel to do his sums on.

He did not have a copy-book like George Washington's, but he made his own copies. This is one of them:—

Good boys who to their books apply,
Will all be great men by and by.

Abe's copy was a true one, for when he grew up, he became a great lawyer, and the little boy who was born in a log cabin went to live in the White House, as President of the United States.



LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE



THE BIRD VILLAGE

Bob and Ned had been busy all winter in the little room over the stable. They called it their workshop. Every day after school, mother could hear them hammering away, but they would not tell what they were doing.

“It’s a surprise,” was the only answer Ned gave, and Bob just said, “We’ll tell you when spring comes.”

And now the spring had really come. The

days were growing longer, the snow had melted, and the buds on the lilac bush were getting larger every day. Best of all, the birds had come again.

"It's easy enough to get up early now," said Ned. "Bluebird is better than any rising bell. He calls me every morning."

"I think he's telling us to hurry up, too," replied Bob. "It's about time for our surprise."

That afternoon, when father and mother had both gone to town, Bob and Ned went up to their workshop. Soon they came out with three bird boxes, which they had made all by themselves.

"The big one is for the pigeons," said Ned. "Let's put it near the barn, for pigeons like to live near the horses and cows. Then they can eat the grain they find on the ground."

With the help of one of the men, the pigeon-house was nailed to a pole and placed close to the barn.

The second bird-house was made of a cheese box, with only a very small hole in it.

"I don't see how a bird could ever get in there," said John, the hired man, as he helped them nail the box to the side of the porch.

"You wait and see," replied Ned. "That box will just suit Miss Jenny Wren. She doesn't need very much room."

"I think this one is the prettiest of all," said Bob, picking up a box with a slanting roof. It was covered with bark, and was the same color as the trunk of a tree. Its door was larger than the one in the wren's house.

"I believe the bluebirds will want to live in this one," said Ned. "We will put it up in the big tree outside our window. Then we can watch the birds all spring."

They had just put up the bluebirds' new house when they saw father and mother coming. The boys ran to meet them, and then led them from one box to another. It was, indeed, a great surprise!

"They are very pretty," said mother, "and I am proud of the way you have made them."

Father praised them, too. "But," he said, "you haven't made any homes for our good friends, the robins and catbirds."

"No; they like to make their own homes best," replied Ned. "I am going to help the robins all I can, by leaving some mud around. They like to line their nests with it, and maybe the catbirds will use some of the string I left on those bushes."

"And how much rent are you going to charge for these beautiful houses?" asked mother.

"Just a song every morning and evening," replied Ned. "Listen! The bluebird is paying his rent in advance. He is singing to his mate."

"Surely, surely, surely,
Life is dear
Even here.
Blue above,
You to love,
Purely, purely, purely."

THE SWALLOW AND I

The lilacs are in blossom,
The cherry flowers are white;
I hear a sound below me,
A twitter of delight.
It is my friend, the swallow,
As sure as I'm alive!
"I'm very glad to see you!
Pray, when did you arrive?"

Swallow—

"I'm very glad to get here;
I only came to-day!
I was this very morning
A hundred miles away."

I—

"It was a weary journey;
How tired you must be!"

Swallow —

“Oh, no! I’m used to travelling,
And it agrees with me.”



I —

“You left us last September,
And, pray, where did you go?”

Swallow —

“I went South for the winter.
I always do, you know.”

I —

“The South! How do you like it?”

Swallow —

“I like its sunny skies,
And round the orange blossoms
I caught the nicest flies.
But when the spring had opened
I wanted to come back.”

I —

“You are just the same old swallow;
Your wings are just as black.”

Swallow —

“I always wear dark colors,
I'm ever on the wing;
A sober suit for travelling
For me's the proper thing.”

I —

“Your little, last year’s nestlings,
Do tell me, did they grow?”

Swallow —

“My nestlings are great swallows,
And mated long ago.”

I —

“And shall you build this summer
Among the flowers and leaves?”

Swallow —

“No; I have taken lodgings
Beneath the stable eaves.
You’ll hear each night and morning
My twitter in the sky.”

I —

“The sound is always welcome —
And now, Good-by.”

Swallow —

“Good-by.”



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once upon a time, there were three little pigs who started out to seek their fortune. The first little pig met a man with a bundle of straw.

“Please give me that straw,” said the little pig. “I want to build a house.”

“Very well,” said the man. So the little pig built a house of straw.

After a while a wolf came along. He knocked at the door of the house.

“Little pig, little pig,” he said, “let me come in.”

“Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin,” said the little pig.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in,” said the wolf.

So he huffed and puffed and blew the house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of sticks.

“Please give me those sticks,” said the little pig. “I want to build a house.”

“Very well,” said the man.

So the little pig built a house of sticks.

After a while the wolf came along. He knocked at the door of this house.

“Little pig, little pig! Let me come in.”

“Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin,” said the little pig.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in,” cried the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed and blew the house in, and ate up that little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks.

"Please give me those bricks," said the little pig. "I want to build a house."

"Very well," said the man.

So the little pig built a house of bricks.

After a while the old wolf came along. He knocked at the door of the brick house.

"Little pig, little pig!" he said, "let me come in."

"Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin," said the little pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," cried the wolf.

"Go on and do it if you can," said the little pig.

The old wolf huffed and puffed, and puffed and huffed, but he could not blow the brick house in.

Then he said, "Little pig, little pig, I know where there are some fine turnips."

"Where?" said the little pig.

"Over in Mr. Smith's field," replied the wolf.

“Let us go and get some. I will come for you at six o'clock to-morrow morning.”

“Very well,” said the little pig.

The little pig went at five o'clock and got the turnips. At six o'clock, the old wolf came and asked, “Little pig, are you ready?”

“Ready!” said the little pig. “Why, I have been to the field and back again.”

Then the old wolf began to get angry. “Little pig,” he said, “I know where there are some fine apples.”

“Where?” said the little pig.

“Over in Mary's garden,” replied the wolf. “Shall we go and get some? I will come for you at five o'clock to-morrow morning.”

“Very well,” said the little pig.

The little pig went to get the apples at four o'clock. While he was in the tree, he saw the wolf coming.

“How do you do, little pig,” said the wolf. “Are those good apples?”

“Very good,” replied the little pig. “Shall I throw you one?”

He threw the apple just as far as he could. While the old wolf was going after it, the little pig climbed down the tree and ran home.

Then the old wolf was very, very angry. He thought he must find some way to catch that little pig. So he went to the little house and said, “Little pig, little pig, I know where there is a fair. Do you want to go?”

“Where?” said the little pig.

“Over in the town. I will come for you at four o’clock.”

“Very well,” said the little pig.

He went to the fair at three o’clock, and bought a butter churn. On his way home he saw the wolf coming. He was so frightened that he got into the churn to hide. The churn rolled down the hill with the pig in it.

The old wolf saw the churn rolling down the

hill. He was so frightened that he ran home without going to the fair. Then he went to tell the little pig about it.

“Little pig, little pig,” he said, “I did not go to the fair. On the way I saw something rolling down the hill. I was so frightened that I ran home.”

The little pig laughed.

“I must have frightened you then,” he said. “The thing you saw was a butter churn and I was in it.”

Then the wolf was so angry that he said, “Little pig, I am going to climb down your chimney and eat you up.”

“Come on,” said the little pig.

He made the fire very hot. Then he put on a kettle of water. The old wolf fell into the water, and he never ate any more little pigs.

PUSSY WILLOW'S HOOD

All winter Pussy Willow had been shut up in her house by the brook. But one bright spring morning she opened the door and stepped out.

The flowers were not up yet. The brook, the birds, the buds, and a few grass blades were the only friends she saw.

"Why, who is this?" asked the brook. "Mistress Pussy Willow, as I live! Good morning, Pussy. You are up bright and early. But why do you wear that fur hood? Summer is coming and every day grows warmer."

"Oh, Mother Nature told me to keep it on, or I would get a toothache."

All of Pussy's friends asked the same question when they saw her.

Poor Pussy! She wanted to take her hood off, but she didn't.

A saucy robin told some sly things about Pussy Willow.

The next morning when she came out, the birds, the buds, the grass, and the brook began to shout, "Bald-head! Bald-head! Pussy Willow has to wear a wig because she has no hair."

Pussy felt very bad, but she only said, "Wait and see."

Now what do you think happened?

One morning Pussy Willow had bright golden curls on her head, instead of the fur hood. The curls danced up and down in the sunshine.

"Pussy is not a bald-head. She has long golden curls," cried all her friends.

The saucy robin hid his head for shame.



THE CIRCUS IN THE BARN

"A pin! a pin! a pin!

A pin to come in!

This way, ladies and gentlemen!

This way to see the animals!

Come to the show.

A pin is all you have to pay.

A pin to come in!

The elephant from Africa is here.

You must come in if you want to see a good show."

Ben stood at the door of the barn to take the pins as the children came along.

"Here are two pins, Ben. They are for Susie and me. Where shall we sit? We want good seats."

"Here are some seats in the front row,

ladies. Don't get too near the ring. The animals might hurt you."

When all of the seats on the hay were taken, Ben came in from the door and stood in the middle of the ring.

"First of all, you will see the grand parade," he said.

The elephant led the way. He had four legs and a long trunk. His coat looked very much like the coats Frank and Tom wore to school every day, and his trunk looked like a long sleeve hanging down in front.

The zebra came next. He could not walk very well, and some of his black stripes came off on Tom's white suit, as he pulled him along by a rope.

"Do you call that a zebra?" shouted Fred from the hay-mow. "Give me back my pin. It's baby's hobby-horse from the nursery."

"Order! Order!" shouted Ben. "Next comes the trick animal of the show. He has

four legs, but he walks on only two of them."

The children on the hay clapped their hands when Jip came in, walking on his hind legs. A clown in a high, pointed cap came with him and made him go through his best tricks.

Just then, the lion in one of the cages gave a great roar.

This frightened the last of the wild animals. Instead of taking his place at the end of the parade, he dashed madly around the ring. He butted the elephant with his horns, and the big beast from Africa changed into two frightened boys, who ran for the hay-mow.

But the goat thought that the hay belonged to him. He was tired of playing circus and wanted his dinner.

When the children saw him coming, they slid down from the hay-mow and ran out of the barn door. Ben led the parade this time, and the goat in the barn was all that was left of the circus.

THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!

The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.

*(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)*

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-
place

Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!

(Now mind: I'm only telling you

What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate look very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!

(Don't fancy I exaggerate—

I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!

But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!

*(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)*

EUGENE FIELD.

THE OUT-DOOR PUSSIES

Hundreds of pussies are out in the rain,
Playing, playing, playing;
Up in the air and then down to the ground,
Swaying, swaying, swaying.

Wet are their little gray coats of fur,
Sopping, sopping, sopping;
Drenched with the rain from the soft April
clouds,
Dropping, dropping, dropping.

Why don't the pussies run into the barn,
Leaping, leaping, leaping?
Why don't they cuddle up snug in the hay,
Sleeping, sleeping, sleeping?

Just because all of them live in a tree,
Willow, willow, willow;
Always the branches their pillow must be,
Pillow, pillow, pillow.

THE SECRET OF THE BRIER BUSH

Long ago the roses used to grow on bushes that had no thorns.

But the squirrels and the mice used to climb up the stems after them. The cattle used to knock them off with their horns. The 'possum would switch them off with his long tail, and the deer would break the bushes down with his sharp hoofs.

So the brier bush grew some long, sharp thorns on its stems to protect its roses from all creatures that climbed trees or had horns or hoofs or long tails.

This left the brier bush at peace with no one but the rabbit, who could not climb and who had no horns, no hoofs, and scarcely any tail at all.

And so the rabbit and the brier bush became great friends. Whenever Bunny is in danger, he flies to the nearest brier bush, because he is sure that it will defend him with its thorns.

A FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC

Did you ever go on a straw ride?

That's the way our family went to the picnic on the Fourth of July.

Grandpa sent in his big wagon from the farm. The bottom of it was covered with straw. Father sat up with John, the driver, but mother got right down in the straw with us children.

Away we went!

At last we came to a cool place in the wood where we were to have our picnic. May and Sue took off their shoes and stockings, and went wading in the water.

Fred and I went off to look for berries. We found some blackberries. The briars scratched our hands, but we got berries enough to cover the bottom of the pail. When mother saw the



A FOURTH OF JULY PICNIC

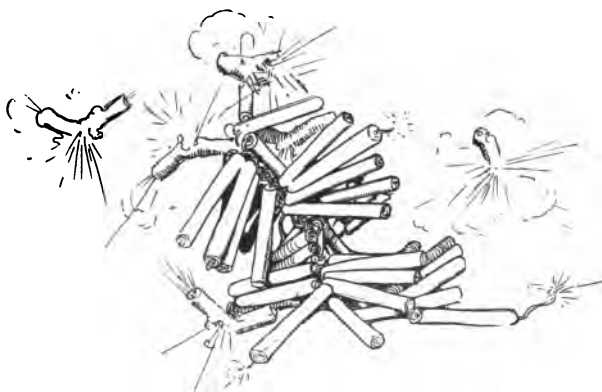
stains on our mouths, she said, "I wonder where the rest of the berries are." Such a funny mother!

Father and John caught some fish, which they cooked over the fire, while we helped mother unpack the lunch basket.

We ate from wooden plates and drank our lemonade from tin cups.

After dinner we went for a sail on the lake.

When we got back, it was time to go home. It was just dark when we drove up to our door, in time to shoot off our Fourth of July fireworks.





THE STORY OF ASLAUG

I

Aslaug was a dear little girl with eyes as blue as the sea and hair which shone like gold.

Her mother died when she was only three years old and left her to the care of her grandfather.

Now, in the country where Aslaug lived, there were some wicked people, who wanted to harm her. But her grandfather knew that if he could take her away to another land, she would be safe.

So he made a wonderful harp with a broad, deep frame. When he touched a spring, the frame opened.

One night, when his little golden-haired Aslaug was asleep, he laid her gently down in the harp's deep frame. Then he closed the spring and started off with her on a journey to a friendly land.

A night and a day he walked through lonely parts of the country. At last he knelt down and laid his harp on the ground, and touched the spring.

Out jumped little Aslaug. She danced and sang while the old man made sweet music on the harp. But when she was tired, he put her back into her little cradle and hung his harp across his shoulder.

II

One dark night they came to a hut by the sea. The old man knocked at the door. A tall, cross-looking woman, named Grima, opened it.

"Can you give me a bed for the night, good dame?" the old man asked.

She was about to say "No," when she saw

golden bracelet on his arm and the fine cloth which covered the harp.

"You may sleep in the barn, if you like. There is no room in the house," she said. "Put down your clumsy old harp. I will keep that for you until morning."

But she scowled when the old man picked up his harp and started for the barn.

When Grima's husband came home, she told him of the golden bracelet and of the beautiful harp.

"It has a deep frame. I know there is treasure in it," she said. "Come with me to the barn. You must kill the old man while he sleeps. Then all that he has shall be ours."

And so the grandfather's life was ended. There was no one now to take Aslaug to the country of her friends.

III

Morning came. Grima and her husband went to the barn. They took the golden bracelet

from the old man's arm. But when they tried to pull the fine cover from the harp, they found that it was caught by a spring. They broke open the beautiful frame, but there, instead of the treasures, lay little Aslaug, looking up at them with her clear blue eyes.

Grima was very angry. She stripped off Aslaug's beautiful clothes and put old rags on her.

"Now you look like an old crow," said Grima, "and you shall stay here and do my housework for me."

For fifteen years poor little Aslaug slaved for the wicked old woman. She was beaten and almost starved. But in spite of all the cruel treatment, she kept her heart bright and happy.

IV

One spring morning, when Aslaug was tripping after her goats, she saw a great ship, flapping its sails in the breeze.

A small boat was coming toward the shore.

"The sailors must want fresh water or some

milk," thought Aslaug. "I must hurry home to give them what they need."

Aslaug ran down the hill and reached the hut just in time to hear Grima say, —

"I can not get you anything. I do not work, but wait until my daughter, the Crow, comes home and I'll make her give you what you need."

When Aslaug came in, the sailors thought she was the most beautiful creature they had ever seen.

"We don't need two eyes to see that this is not your own daughter," said the sailors. "We will tell the prince you have stolen this girl."

The sailors went back to the great ship. They told Prince Ragnar of the beautiful maiden.

"Bring her to the ship," he ordered.

The prince took Aslaug over the ship, showed her all its treasures, and told her stories of the great world. When the sun went down, he asked her to marry him and to sail away to his own country with him.

"No, no," said Aslaug. "You will be a great king some day and I am only a poor orphan, brought up by peasants. I can not be your queen."

So the prince sailed away, sad and lonely.

"I will come back in a year," he said. "Perhaps you will go with me then."

Aslaug often dreamed of the day she had spent on the ship and of the handsome prince who had been so good and kind.

"I wonder if he will ever come again," she said to herself one day. "It is just a year since he went away."

The next morning the great ship sailed into the bay. Prince Ragnar came ashore, bringing many beautiful gifts to Aslaug.

She left the gifts for Grima and her husband. Then she sailed away to a new land with Prince Ragnar and lived happily ever after.

ONE, TWO, THREE

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She could n't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"

He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It was n't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer*;
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mama's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with a lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

H. C. BUNNER.

How many stars are in the sky?
More than you can count, or I.
How many drops are in the seas?
How many leaves are on the trees?
How many grains of sand on the shore?
Count all you can, and there are more.

A MASQUE OF THE SEASONS

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall, —
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE JASPER

When I'm dressed warm as warm can be,
And with boots, to go
Through the deepest snow,
Winter-time is the time for me!

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall, —
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE MILDRED

I like blossoms, and birds that sing;
The grass and the dew,
And the sunshine, too, —
So, best of all I like the Spring.

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall, —
Which do you like the best of all?

LITTLE MANDEVILLE

O little friends, I most rejoice
 When I hear the drums
 As the Circus comes,—
 So Summer-time's my special choice.

QUEEN

Summer or Winter or Spring or Fall,—
 Which do you like the best of all?

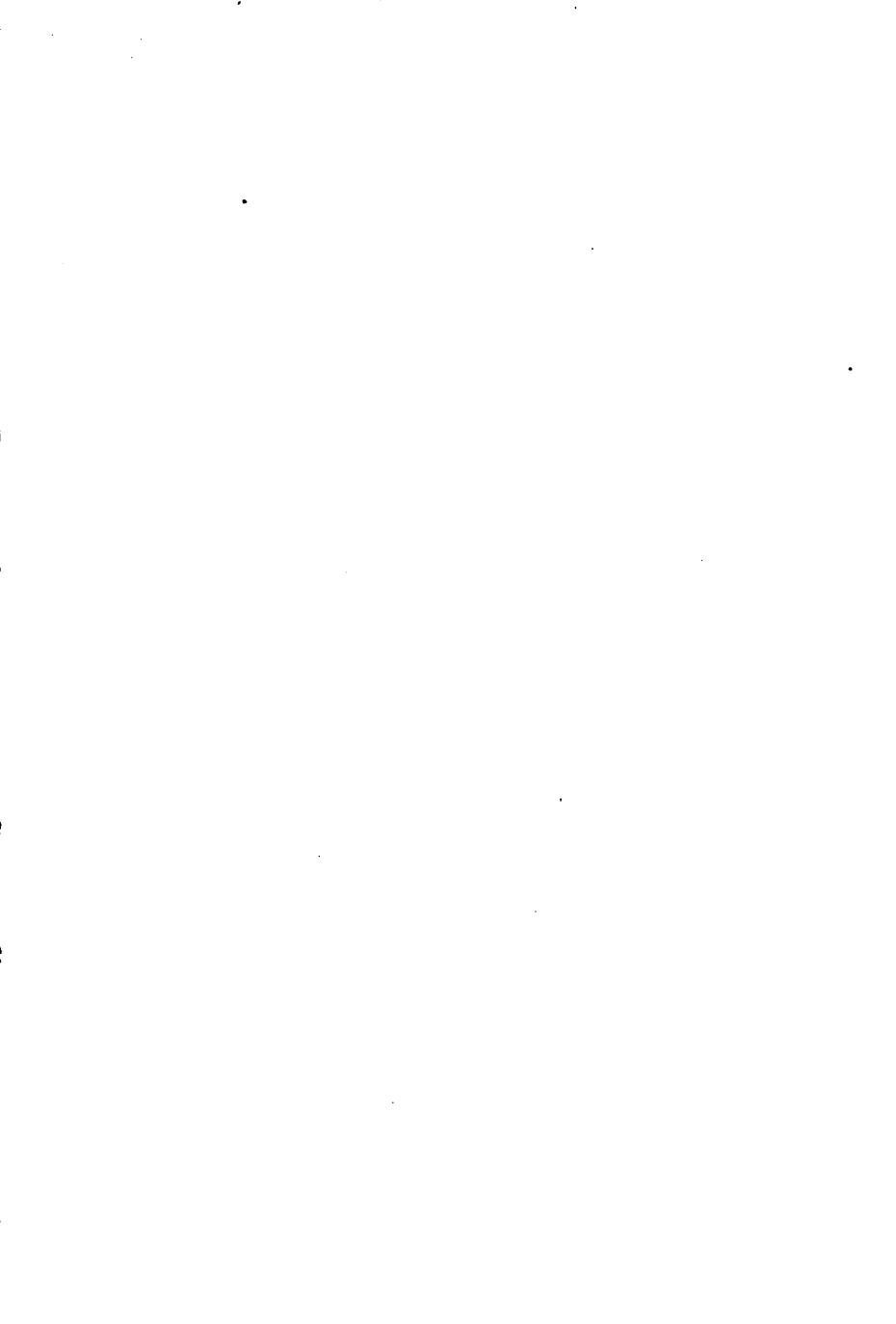
LITTLE EDITH

Apples of ruby, and pears of gold,
 And grapes of blue
 That the bee stings through.—
 Fall—it is all that my heart can hold!

QUEEN

Soh! my lovelings and pretty dears,
 You've *each* a favorite, it appears,—
 Summer and Winter and Spring and Fall.—
 That's the reason I send them *all*!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.





INDIANA EDITION
PRICE 20 CENTS